ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a pepper corne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villainous company hath beene the ſpoile of me.

*Bar.* Sir Iohn, you are ſo fretfull, you can not liue long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdie ſong; make mee merry. I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic't not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy houſe, not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compaſſe.

*Bar.* Why, you are ſo fat, ſir Iohn, that you muſt needs bee out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, ſir Iohn.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou beareſt the lanterne in the poope, but t'is in the noſe of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, ſir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, ile bee ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there hee is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuẽ to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my othe ſhould bee, By this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the ſonne of vtter darkeneſſe. When thou ranſt vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horſe, if I did not thinke, thou hadſt bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlaſting bon-fire light, thou haſt ſaued me, a thouſand Marks in Links, and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the ſacke, that thou haſt drunke mee, would haue bought mee lights as good cheape, at the deareſt Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Sallamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* Godamercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnt.

How



How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquir'd *Enter* yet who pick't my pocket?

*Hoſ.* Why ſir Iohn, what doe you thinke, ſir Iohn? do thinke *I* keepe theeues in my houſe? *I* haue ſearch't, *I* haue quired, ſo has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeruant: the tight of a haire, was neuer loſt in my houſe befo

*Falſ.* Ye lie, Hoſteſſe, Bardoll was ſhau'd and loſt in haire: and ile be ſworne, my pocket was pick't: go to, you woman, go.

*Hoſ.* Who, I? No, I defie thee: Gods light, *I* was neuer c in mine owne houſe before.

*Falſ.* Go to, *I* know you well inough.

*Hoſ.* No, ſir Iohn, you do not know me, ſir Iohn: *I* kno ſir Iohn, you owe me money, ſir Iohn, and now you picke a rell to beguile me of it: *I* bought you a douzen of ſhirts to backe.

*Falſ.* Doulas, filthy doulas: *I* haue giuen them away. t kers wiues, they haue made boulters of them.

*Hoſ.* Now as *I* am a true woman, holland of viii.s. an e owe money here beſides, ſir Iohn, for your diet, and by ings, and money lent you xxiiii. pound.

*Falſ.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Hoſ.* He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How? poore: looke vpon his face. What call you r them coyne his noſe, let them coyne his cheekes, ile not denyer: what, will you make a yonker of mee? ſhall *I* n mine eaſe in mine Inne, but *I* ſhall haue my pocket pickt? loſt a ſeale ring of my grandfathers, worth fortie marke,

*Hoſ.* O Ieſu! *I* haue heard the Prince tell him, *I* kno how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Falſ.* How? the prince is a Iacke, a ſneakeup: Zblood were here, *I* would cudgell him like a dog, if he would ſay

*Enter the prince marching, and Falſtalffe meetes him playing vpon his trunchion, like a fife.*

*Falſ.* How now, lad? is the winde in that doore i faith we all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two, and two, Newgate faſhion.

*Hoſ.* My Lord, *I* pray you heare me.